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**The Dying Californian, or the Brother's
Request.**

Lie up nearer, brother, nearer,
For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy presence seemeth dearer,
When thy arms around me fold.
I am dying, brother, dying,
Soon you'll miss me from your berth,
For my form will soon be lying
'Neath the ocean's briny surf.

Harken to me, brother, harken—
I have something I would say,
Ere the vale my vision darkens,
And I go from home away.
I am going—surely going—
But my hope in God is strong;
I am dying, brother, dying,
But He doth nothing wrong.

Tell my father when you meet him,
That in death I prayed for him—
Prayed that I may one day meet him
In a world that's free from sin.
Tell my mother (God assist her!)
Now that she is growing old—
That her child would glad have kissed her
When his lips grew pale and cold.

Tell her she must kiss my children,
Like the kiss I last impressed—
Hold them, as when last I held them,
Folded closely to my breast;
Give them early to their Maker,
Putting all their trust in God;
And He never will forsake her,
For so He saith in His Word.

Tell my sister I remember
Every kindly parting word,
And my heart has been kept tender
By the thoughts their memory stirred;
Tell I never reached the haven
Where I sought the precious dust,
But I've gained a port called heaven,
Where the gold will never rust.

Listen brother, catch each whisper—
'Tis my wife I'd speak of now;
Tell, oh, tell her, how I missed her
When the fever burned my brow!
Tell her brother—closely listen,
Don't forget a single word—
That in death my eyes did glisten,
With the tears her memory stirred.

Oh, my children, heaven bless them!
They recall my life to me;
Would I could once more caress them,
Ere I sink beneath the sea.
'Twas for them I crossed the ocean—
What my hopes were, I'll not tell—
But they've gained an orphan's portion,
Yet He doth all things well.

Urge them to secure an entrance,
For they'll find their father there;
Faith in Jesus, and repentance,
Will secure for each a share.
Hark! I hear my Saviour speaking!
'Tis His voice I know so well!
When I'm gone, oh, don't be weeping—
Brother, here's my last farewell!

A ROYAL GLUTTON.—The present King of
Naples is said to be the greatest gourmand
in the whole world. At one time, not
many years ago, he invented a particular
dish for his own particular enjoyment,
the mode of making which was as follows: You
took a round of beef, into which you intro-
duced a round of veal, which in its turn
served as the envelop to a turkey, whilst in-
side the turkey lay a fowl, inside the fowl a
pheasant, then a partridge, then a woodcock,
then an ortolan, and, last of all an anchovy!

**A father who was of the keep-your-
children-at-a-distance class, his boy, want-
ing a new suit, very naturally asks his moth-
er to intercede for him. "Why don't you
ask your father yourself, my boy?" said the
mother. "Why, mother, I would ask him,
only I don't feel well enough acquainted
with him," was the reply.**

"Why is a baby like a bargain?"
"Because it takes two to make it!"

[Correspondence of the Jasper Courier.]
INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 4, 1859.

MESSENGERS.—Since my last com-
munication there has been some very impor-
tant business before the House of Representa-
tives for consideration; among others a
bill to license the sale of spirituous, vinous,
malt, and other stimulating drinks, has been
well discussed, both pro and con, and after
mature deliberation passed the House by a
vote of 84 against 23. And you will permit
me to explain myself, through the medium
of your paper, to my constituents on this sub-
ject.

Gentlemen, the question that has been
acted upon by the House of Representa-
tives in the affirmative, licensing the sale of
intoxicating drinks, is one of the most im-
portant that has been offered to the consid-
eration of the Legislative Assembly; for
both the physical and moral blessings will
be incalculable to the people of Indiana, if
the law is proper, if it is judicious. But,
sirs, who can stem the avalanche of evils
that will result if the law should prove un-
suited to the ends it is intended to fulfill.

The history of intoxicating drinks is as
old as history itself. Noah felt the effects of
wine, according to Scripture history; the
Egyptian drank a liquor fermented from
barley, as Herodotus informs us; the Grecian
Homeric sings of libations and the nectar of
the Gods; Virgil and Pliny refer to the wines
of sunny Italy; and thus I might extend the
catalogue indefinitely, but I will only relate
one other instance relative to the use of in-
toxicating drinks by the ancients, taken
from "Zenophon's Biography of Cyrus the
Great."

Cambyses, (if my memory is correct,) the
grand-father of Cyrus the Great, one day
asked the young hero to act as cup bearer;
but Cyrus neglecting one very important
item that belonged to that functionary, the
king reminded him, saying, Cyrus, why don't
you, as becomes your duty, taste the wine
before you present it to me? Because, said
the youth, there is poison in the wine; for I
observed that when you and your courtiers
partook plentifully of it, some nights ago,
you all became like mad men; you neither
knowing your proper position as king, nor
they their dutiful respect as subjects; you
shouted and gesticulated like maniacs, till at
last you became so overpowered with the
poison, that you all fell down apparently
dead.

Thus, gentlemen, you will see that the
use of intoxicating drinks is a "time honored
evil," and one that's not to be eradicated by
the whims of the moment. But, sirs, if the
ancients were great drinkers, it is in our
present day that the "rotaries of Bacchus"
carry off the palm, and I think that our own
country has not the least number of those
that worship at the shrine of this heathen
god. And why is it thus? Has not the
United States more temperance societies,
more temperance lecturers, than any other
country in the world? Are there not more
laws enacted, remodeled and abolished on
this than on any other subject? And yet
why this universal curse—this avalanche
that carries more victims to mental and phy-
sical destruction than any other one cause?

Gentlemen, I hope to explain this anom-
aly by the following remarks. Some years
ago I traveled through Germany. I saw
much of German manners and living. Such
a thing as a temperance society, or temper-
ance convention, or lecture, is unknown to
the people, and yet intoxication is a rare
thing; the evil resulting from the abuse of
stimulating drinks are seldom witnessed.—
Yet the people are a drinking people. Now
why this great contrast between the United
States and Germany? Sirs, I will tell you
why. In Germany they drink their native
wines and a light and wholesome beer; here
we drink principally the product of the still.
This, gentlemen, is the solution of this
question, of the great contrast between this
country and the "Fatherland" of the old
Rhine and its wines.

Sirs, the first great blow that we can give
to intemperance in this country is to encour-
age the cultivation of vineyards, the manu-
facture of native wines, and the brewing of
a light, wholesome beer. Man will (as I
have tried to prove by a few historical ex-
tracts) have stimulants, and if he is not sup-
plied with that which the grape or barley
yields, he will use the product of the still,
or what is more pernicious, the insipidated
juice or extract of plants, which I think from
late statistical reports on this topic, is alrea-

dy used to some extent by our would be re-
fined class of this Union." We be to us
"when opium will take the reign of "King
Alcohol."

The Turks, by their Alkora, are forbid-
den the juice of the grape, &c. Opium is
their Elysium. Yet what nation is more
physically and mentally degraded than the
followers of Mahomed? Gentlemen, in try-
ing to eradicate an evil, let us beware we
do not supplant it by a greater. No man
abhors the abuse of intoxicating drinks more
than I do; and, sirs, were it in my humble
power, I would, like Nero of old, "wish to
see the evils of this monster combined in
one head, that I might strike it off by one
blow."

But experience teaches that it can't be
done. Yet are we therefore to despair, and
say, let the thing take its old course? I for
one say no. If we cannot, for the present,
eradicate, we can at least mitigate the evil,
and that by a well regulated license law. I
am well aware that the law licensing the
sale of intoxicating liquors, which passed the
House a few days ago, is not as I, and per-
haps a majority of the people, would have it;
yet under the circumstances I was placed I
voted for it, as being the least of the two
evils from which I had to choose. A synop-
sis of this law the Jasper Courier has already
published.

A Yankee Farmer's Double "Sell."

A party of consequential young college
students, not far from Boston, were regaling
themselves one evening, at a village tavern
where they were accustomed to meet for a
frolic, when an old farmer entered and in-
quired if he could obtain lodging. The old
fellow, who was a shrewd Yankee, saw at
once that he was to be made the butt of
their jests, but quietly taking off his hat,
and telling a worthless little dog he
had with him, to lie under his chair, he
took a glass of proffered beverage.

The students inquired after the health of
the old man's wife and children, and the
farmer, with affected sympathy, gave them
the whole pedigree, with numerous anec-
dotes respecting his farm, stock, &c.

"Do you belong to the church?" asked one
of the wags.

"Well, I don't belong to nothin' else, ex-
cept Betsey," said the farmer.

"I suppose you would not tell a lie," said
the student.

"Not for the price of that air cur, an' Bet-
sey's wedding gown, an' all the fixins, be-
longin' to it, to boot," said the farmer.

"Now what will you take for that dog?"
pointing to the farmer's cur, who was now
worth his weight in Jersey mud.

"I won't take twenty dollars for that
dog."

"Twenty dollars! why, he is not worth
twenty cents."

"He's worth twenty dollars to me. He
protects the house, and keeps the plaguesy
Shanghaiers from roostin' on Betsey's clothes
line."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who
with his companions was bent upon having
some capital fun with the old man, "now you
say you won't tell a lie—let me see if you
will not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give
you twenty dollars for the dog."

"I'll not take it."

"You will not!" Here, let me see if this
don't tempt you to lie, added the student,
producing a small bag of half dollars, from
which he commenced counting in numerous
small piles upon the table. The farmer sat
near with his hat between his knees, appar-
ently unconcerned. "There," added the
student, "there are twenty dollars, all in
silver; I will give you that for your dog."

The old farmer quietly raised his hat to
the table, and then, as quick as thought,
scrapped all the money into it except one
half dollar, and then exclaimed:

"I won't take twenty dollars! Nineteen
and a half is as much as the dog is worth—
considerin' he's got one broken leg from
Betsey's brum-stick—he's your property."

A tremendous laugh from his fellow stu-
dents showed the would be wag that he was
sold, and that he need not look for help
from that quarter, so he good-naturedly ac-
knowledgeed the beat.

A woman in Saginaw county, Mich-
igan, recently gave birth to four children at
one time, and to reward her a bill has been
or will be introduced into the Legislature
donating her two hundred and twenty acres
of land situated in that county.

WOMEN.

BY THREE CARY.

'Tis a sad truth, yet 'tis a truth
That does not need the proving,
We give our hearts away unasked,
And are not loved for loving.

Striving to win a little back
For all we feel, we hide it,
And lips that tremble with their love,
In trembling have denied it.

We, foolish, deem the kiss and smile,
But life and love's beginning;
While he who wins our hearts away,
Is satisfied with winning.

Or thinking that we have not found
The right one for our mating,
We go on till our hair is white,
And eyes are blind with waiting.

The best of us, until we die,
Is less a saint than woman;
And while we pray for love divine,
Our hearts yearn for the human.

**SIMPLE MODE OF ASCERTAINING INTER-
EST.**—The Detroit Advertiser gives a new
method of computing interest on any num-
ber of dollars, at six per cent, which appears
simple:

Separate the right hand figures by a point
and the figures on the left hand of this sepa-
rating point will be the interest in cents for
six days—the figure on the right of the
point decimals of a cent. Multiply the
whole amount by five to find the interest
for thirty days, and the sum by two for sixty
days, three ninety days, etc. For any num-
ber of days less than six, take the part of
the fractional part of the interest for six.
Care must be taken to separate the right
hand figures of the dollars, whether there
be cents or mills in the given sum or not.

This is all very well, but a simpler and
shorter way, remarks the Philadelphia Led-
ger, is to multiply any given number of dol-
lars by the number of days of interest desired,
separating the right hand figure, and dividing
by six; the result is the true interest of such
sum for such number of days at six per cent.
The rule is so simple and so true, according
to all business usage, that every banker,
broker, merchant, and clerk should post it
up for reference and use. There being no
such thing as a fraction in it, there is scarce-
ly any liability to error or mistake. By no
arithmetical process can the desired infor-
mation be obtained with so few figures.

The Pacific Railroad bill, which had
passed the House, has been killed by the
Senate, it having failed to pass that body.
That a Pacific Railroad bill will eventually
be put through Congress, there is no sort of
doubt; it may not pass this session, but the
wants of this growing and spreading coun-
try of the Great West demands that such a
thoroughfare, to connect the Pacific coast
with the Mississippi Valley, and open up
the way to civilization and the settlement
of the Great Western Plains, will be pro-
jected and carried out, with the approval
of the great masses of all sections of the coun-
try.

It was not thought that the bill could pass
the House, such were the conflicting inter-
ests of the Northern, Southern and Middle
portions of the country, as to the location
of the route, and the concession of many
of these interests and party feelings suffi-
ciently to fix upon a central route, con-
ducive to the best interests of the whole coun-
try, is a fact that may be taken as signifi-
cant of the importance with which the mat-
ter is viewed by members in all sections
of the Union.—Ex.

A boy at school in the West, when
called upon to recite his lesson in history,
was asked, "What is the German Diet
composed of?" the boy replied, "Saurkraut,
schnapps, lager beer and six camarones."
Boy promoted instantaneously.

**The following question is now be-
fore the Sand Lake Debating Society:**
"Which do women like the best—to be hug-
ged in a polka, or squeezed in a sleigh?"
We shall issue the decision in an extra.

The Selma, Ala., Sentinel says that a
dentist of that city recently prepared a full
set of artificial teeth for a lady of the vicin-
ity, some sixty or seventy years old, and who
had been quite deaf for twenty years past.
As soon as the teeth were placed in her
mouth, the hearing of the old lady became
quite suddenly as good as it ever had
been.

Beautiful extract: Helping a pretty
dame out of a mud-puddle.

AGRICULTURAL.

Fodder Racks.

Economy is one of the most import-
ant considerations in farming. Every
particle of food saved is so much
gained. A large portion of the pro-
duce of the farm is necessarily con-
sumed in feeding the farm animals,
but from my own observations while
traveling in various parts of the coun-
try, a large amount is also wasted.—
This is owing to defective means for
placing the fodder within the reach of
the cattle. The cribs or racks used
are various as they are objectionable,
and very few of what I have observed
appear to me worthy of commendation.

My own conviction is that the
most direct way to avoid the waste
of fodder at present so general, is to
stall feed cattle. The evils arising from
crowding cattle of different age is from
a terror of each other when feeding,
and much of the fodder is wasted by
littering it over the ground in their
perpetual watchfulness of each other.
The manger and slanting rack are
both open to these objections. Many
farmers are prejudiced against the stall
system on account of the expense in-
volved, and the extra trouble. To
these I would recommend the follow-
ing form of crib as an improvement,
uniting the advantage of crib and rack
without the defects of either.

The crib should be set in the center
of the yard, and may be about 6-12
or 7 feet square, and the rack in the
center of this. Arrange the crib that
the cattle feed from each side, which
may be done in the following manner:
Into four posts of sufficient size to give
the whole firmness and durability,
frame two girt pieces, running parallel
with others on opposite sides, at a
height suitable for the bottom of the
crib, say 15 inches, connect these by
two similar pieces a foot and a half each
side of their centers, and these again
by two others of the same size. You
have now a frame in the center of the
crib three feet square to form the bot-
tom of the rack; bore holes through
this for the rounds, a little slanting so
that the top of the rack may be about
four feet square. This is a convenient
size and proper inclination. Let the
girts connecting the posts on the oth-
er side be high enough for cattle to feed
over, one foot at least above the floor.
The posts may run two feet higher,
and be braced by strips from their top
to the center of the girt pieces on each
side. The frame should be boarded,
and an opening left on each side for
cattle to eat over, say a foot from the
floor, ten inches wide at the bottom,
and wider towards the top. Side cribs
may be constructed according to taste
and convenience if the following points
are secured: The bottom of the rack
to be on a level with the bottom of the
crib, which should be a little elevated
from the ground, and rounds nearly
perpendicular. Let the manger have
a place for cattle to feed at, the rest
being carried up so high as to prevent
it. This hinders the cattle holding
away their heads while feeding. I
have found cattle feeding from such a
crib to waste a very small quantity of
fodder, while all ages can eat without
inconvenience, and it is suited for all
kinds of fodder.—Amer. Agriculture.

To secure solid cabbage heads
on those stalks that manifest a dispo-
sition to grow what are commonly
known as "long shanks," take a pen-
knife and stab it through the stalk,
about the middle; insert a small piece
of wood to keep the incision open,
which will check the growth. By do-
ing so a good head of cabbage may be
secured on every stalk.—Gen. Farm.